

THE MAINE FARMER: AN



R. EATON, Proprietor. D. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1850.

The First White Man who ever slept in Jay.

A writer in the Cambridge Chronicle has given a historical account of Mt. Auburn and its vicinity, from its first being occupied, soon after the first settlement of the country in 1830, to 1850. This has now become "hallowed ground," by its consecration as a cemetery, and in all coming time it will be visited by thousands on account of its eminences to them as the last resting place of their fathers, or on account of its associations with our country's history, as being the field of tombs, where lie the remains of many a patriot, poet, philosopher and statesman.

The premises were originally owned by a family by the name of Stone, who, according to accounts, were an industrious, enterprising, thriving people. We find that a branch of them emigrated to this State, and settled in Oxford county. The writer, after giving an account of certain improvements in the business of draining a certain part of the premises, by Moses Stone, in 1865, states: "He (Moses) was succeeded by his son Moses, the last sole owner of the ancestral estate of Sweet Auburn, and the larger part of what is now Mount Auburn. He was also a very large proprietor of Phipps' Canada, granted to David Phipps and others, by the General Court, on the 11th day of June, 1771. He was the first white man who ever slept in Jay. (Me.) which town he was instrumental in settling, and which it was proposed to call Stoneline, but the name of Jay was finally adopted. This town was incorporated in 1795. He built it in the first log house, and used to make one or two journeys thither every year. He contributed in many ways to the prosperity of the place.

Moses Stone married Elizabeth Stone, then Abigail Learned, who was descended through her mother, Abigail Jackson, from Edward Jackson, of Newton, in 1831, in the ship Elizabeth and Ann, Roger Cooper, master, and who married Elizabeth, widow of John Oliver, minister of Rumney Marsh, and daughter of John Newgate, of Boston.

By his first wife he had two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Moses, settled in Jay, Maine, where he now lives, truly a Christian and a patriarch. He still preaches on the Sabbath, and his house is open every Sunday, and generally filled during intermission at noon with those of the congregation who come from a distance, and tables are always bountifully spread for all to partake who wish."

We have felt interested in this scrap of history of the settlement of one of our best towns, and doubt not that many others will also. To the Stone family, who are now quite numerous in that section of the State, these sketches of Mount Auburn and the successive families who have owned it, must be peculiarly interesting.

Great Exhibition in London in 1851.

We have received from B. P. Johnson, Esq., Secretary of the N. S. State Ag. Society, a copy of a paper containing the official notices from Queen Victoria, of the proposed exhibition of the industry of all nations, to be held in London in 1851. We understand that the farmers, mechanics, manufacturers and inventors of all nations, are invited to bring to show the products of their industry, taste, and ingenuity, from the raw material and the rudest, coarsest fabric, to the finest and most delicate specimens of art and skill; and from the simplest and smallest contrivances, to the most gigantic and complicated machinery. Articles for exhibition from foreign countries are to be admitted free of duty, and our own citizens are free to enter into competition with those of Great Britain and all other nations. The cost of the exhibition is estimated at \$500,000. The prizes range from £500 to £20. It is proposed to erect a building a mile long to accommodate the exhibition.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, the following extract from a letter sent to the American Consul at Glasgow, was read by the Secretary:—"I am quite sure that there is no nation on the face of the globe that can outdo the Americans in any thing they undertake. Sufficient time is allowed ere the proposed exhibition is to come off, to enable our ingenious mechanics to bring forth something worthy of our noble and beloved country, and secure to themselves a handsome reward, if successful competitors; as the prizes are to be one money prize, £2000 sterling, equal to near \$10,000; and four £1000 prize sterling, equal to near \$5000 each. If this be made generally known, I cannot doubt the United States will exhibit some of its exquisite Yankee notions, which will prove useful and ornamental at the 'Great Fair of all Nations.'"

It is now but a few days' journey across the Atlantic, and the different nations of the earth are being bound more closely together by ties of interest and humanity; we are therefore encouraged to hope that the liberal advances of Great Britain in this matter will be suitably met by our own countrymen, and by the people of all civilized nations, and that the great experiment of a World's Exhibition of Industry and Art, will be eminently successful.

A Good Animal. Mr. David W. Smith, of Mercer, owns a bull, now twenty-two months old, which measures six and half feet in girth, just back of his fore-legs. He has gained thirteen inches in girth during the past year. He now weighs nearly 1400 lbs. He has been kept in the stable, and fed with hay and three quarts of oats per day. He is known as "Young Bonny," a grade Durham, from the cow Fanny, formerly owned by L. Wainwright, of Augusta. We are told that this bull is finely proportioned, and is in every respect a beautiful and excellent animal. We would like to see a better one.

THE ELEMENTS. The ancients supposed that there were but four elements, earth, air, fire and water. Modern chemistry has demonstrated that there are fifty-five elements, forty-two of which are mineral; while what were formerly supposed to be elements, are now known to be compounds.

Rome is Coming! Clear the Track! A correspondent furnishes the following: "There is now living, in the town of Rome in this State, a rare specimen, in physical dimensions, of one of the 'natives.' Miss Hannah Perkins, a youth thirteen years and nine months old, in perfect health, weighs two hundred and eight lbs. Is she not a noble Roman? There must be health and long life in Rome; and if this be a specimen of its produce, it is better to emigrate there than to California."

Rochester Spirits.

The people of Rochester, New York, have for some time had their merriment excited by an occurrence that is attributed to the agency of spirits from the other world. Certain knockings are heard in one or more of the houses, which is alledged, after the most diligent search and investigation of hundreds of people, cannot be traced to any material agency, and which many verily believe is the work of spirits. A book has been published, describing some of the marvellous scenes that have taken place, and wonderful information transmitted by their agency. It seems that these so called spirits have adopted a very odd and fantastic manner of communicating their knowledge to mortals. Instead of a quiet andressible influx into the minds of those with whom they wish to communicate, as we are taught in Scripture was wont to be the case in old time, or, instead of the spiritual eye being opened while the mortal part remained in a trance-like or mesmeric state, as were the prophets or seers of old, when they were "in the spirit," and talked with the inhabitants of the spiritual world, those in Rochester keep carefully concealed, and make known their ideas by rapping on the tables, or bureaus, or hitting the chairs a knock, or the ceiling a thump. The mode of conversing with them is something as the learned pig, that was exhibited not long ago, used to converse with bipeds of higher pretensions.

A question is asked. The letters of the alphabet are then taken up, and when the right letter for spelling the answer is touched or taken up, a rap is heard, and thus the mode is repeated out. What makes this mode more ludicrous, is the assertion that among the spirits in attendance is Lorenzo Dow. Now we have seen Lorenzo Dow, when in the body, or in his beard, (Lorenzo was in advance of his time, for he wore his *guate* unclipped, very much as some goates do now,) and often heard him preach, and know that such a bungling mode of communicating his ideas as this, would have given him an ague fit. It must be a great torment to him now that he has shuffled off this mortal coil, and become divested of the earthly cloths and integuments which hampered his ardent soul while here, that he must be compelled to communicate his ideas now to his former fellow mortals with a vast deal less facility and despatch. Surely he is the loser in this respect for being a spirit. But, says a friend at our elbow, are you not as believer in the theory of a spiritual world, and that there is sometimes spiritual communication with it by those in this world? Certainly; but it is a matter of more seriousness and solemnity than this Rochester business. This kicking over chairs and capsizing tables—bothering the girls by swapping their combs, and tousling their curls, and strumming a guitar midway between flooring and ceiling in a dark room, smacks more of Yankee trick, than of the legitimate, and solemn, and appropriate employment of sanctified spirits, sent to guide and instruct the children of this world.

—Tell them some of their bigotry will have to be unspun with before they can be assured of good spirits. Ask them why they refuse to investigate. They are not as wise as they suppose themselves to be.

—Q.—Can ignorant spirits rap?

—A.—Yes. (An ignorant spirit rapped, and the difference was very plain between that and the other.)

—Q.—Are these sounds made by rapping?

—A.—No. They are made by the will of the spirits causing a concussion of the atmosphere and making the sounds appear in whatever place they please.

—Q.—Can they make the sounds to all persons?

—A.—No. The time will come when we will communicate universally.

—Q.—What benefit will it be to mankind?

—A.—We can reveal truths to the world, and men will become more harmonious and better prepared for the higher spheres.

—Q.—Some persons imagine that the spirits are evil, and that Satan is transformed into an Angel of Light to deceive us. What shall we say to them?

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

From Godoy's Lady's Book.

CHANGE.

BY W. G. BROWN.

Bright stars are never bright,
Clear skies forever clear;
But sun and shade, and bloom and blight,
The glow of day and gloom of night.
The bridal and the bair!

First Childhood, with its wondering eyes
Unbiased by grief or care,
Sports gay the summer streamlet by,
Where young flowers bloom but to die
And autumn air.

Youth changes will to Manhood's prime,
Days glide like shadows o'er;
How like a dream some clime,
Paschal life's spring and summer time,
To lead the heart no more!

Stern Manhood, with his burnished brand,
Holds bare his son on high;
The steel rests in his withering hand,
While his hopes perish, that were planned
Of deeds too great to die!

Age, from the tomb of buried years,
Calls back the shadowy past;
A checkered scene of smiles and tears,
Of vanished hopes, of griefs and fears,
Gone like a dream at last.

But let them pass—the flying hours
Of morn and noon and even;
For cloudless skies and faultless flowers,
Lone pilgrim, soon we know are ours,
In yonder changeless heaven.

The Story-Celler.

From the Philadelphia Daily Newspaper.

MAYING IN DECEMBER.

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

A Chapter of Changes.

Years have gone by—seven long eventful years—and some changes have been wrought in the circumstances of our story.

Changes for 'Squire Sprague! The peace and quiet of his old home gone forever! The ease and repose of his old age, exempted by affluent fortune and the love and tenderness of children and children's children, from even the common cares of life, transformed into some faint similitude of that "outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!" Disquietude and misery stepped athwart his threshold, when the fair young bride alighted from her coach at the termination of the aforementioned tour, took possession of it and all beyond it not only as a mistress, but a tyrant! Joy and peace and comfort stepped out when she stepped in! On that very tour, the direction, the expense, the time, and every other item of consideration, had been generously submitted to her dictation by the doting and fascinated old bridegroom; his own age and comparative feebleness never once being taken into the account. "She is young and must be indulged," reasoned the old gentleman; "besides, she has never had the chance to enjoy these things, being poor; but she has sacrificed a great deal for me, in being willing to give up the common amusements and follies of youth, to watch over and nurse and comfort an old man like me. She, sweet creature, shall have every thing she wishes." So he even gave her permission to represent him as her "papa," and to palm herself off for his dear daughter, accompanying him for care and attention to this, and the other fashionable place of resort she chose to visit! This plan 'Squire Sprague liked very well in theory, he should enjoy so much of her "care and attention;" and when he was wearied all out with travelling, and tired of new things and new faces and places, how grateful—how soothing—how refreshing the gentle assiduities of a daughter would seem! (He thought of such as he was accustomed to receive from Susie Harding. Alas! mistaken old man!) But when he came to see the working of the plan—himself utterly neglected, for the swarms of gay beaux and admirers which constantly fluttered about, without check or discouragement on her part, attracted, as she knew they were by the splendor of her beauty, dress, and appointments, and innocently offering her a thousand flattering attentions. He might be sad, weary or sick—but made little difference with her, provided her cup of pleasure was full, and her thirst of admiration satisfied. Yes, it did too; on one occasion, at Saratoga, where a Swedish Baron was marvellously enamored, and had made her a pressing offer of marriage, after a very gay flirtation. Yes, one afternoon, when the old gentleman was ill and dined on chocoalte, hoping to feel better as he generally did, but in fact soon felt a great deal worse. Indeed, so alarmingly sick he grew, that for a day or two his life was despaired of. Then it was delightful to see the colour changing from deadly paleness to a glowing glow upon her cheek, as she bent over him in his proxims of distress—to see the kindness of her manner, the devotion of her whole soul—what a prize of a daughter the old man had!—the beaux only admired her more and more, and the Baron was more importunate; but she suddenly dashed out his kindly hopes and declined to marry! 'Squire Sprague and his "daughter" left Saratoga before the physicians thought advisable, but when the young lady informed them that her papa was subject to such turns, and she used to nursing him, they consented, though looking rather doubtfully on one another.

Changes, changes still for 'Squire Sprague! Ah, yes—he is old. True, he is old—and old age brings changes, mental and bodily; but in his case, a grieft-stricken heart has done more to make him the wreck of a man he is, and has borne heavier and harder upon him than his load of more than eighty years! His mind is a ruin; save now and then, when his darkness is pierced by a lurid ray! His body is a ruin—stretched, paralysed, and well nigh useless, on a bed of helplessness and hopelessness—yet still he lives on and on! The aspect of the earth is changed to him; his sense no longer chronicle with fidelity things and events of which they were wont to take pleasant cognizance. The voices he once could recognise, whether of friend or neighbor, or townsman, he cannot now distinguish—they sound so altered, and so unlike what they were. The food he eats tastes strangely—the manners of those who are about him are so different; every thing is changed—the furniture of his house, the views from his windows—all is new and changed to his distorted perceptions—every thing and every body—but his own sweet Susie Harding! He knows when she is by, even when his eye is dimmed, and his ear dull; he can tell the pressure of her soft cool hand; he can distinguish the accents of her ever soothng voice, and his poor broken thoughts and clouded ideas can shape in their darkness a soul-feel "God bless her!" Changes too for Abigail Cranch! such changes, perhaps, as might be supposed most to await a fallen spirit, when its unblest purposes are all frustrated, and it has design all hopelessly overthrown. She looks in her mirror, always a pale fiester, and it tells her that her youth is passing and her beauty fading away; it tells her that her cheek is hollow, though there still burn fever

spots over and anon deeper into purple, as the bad passions rage unchecked within; it tells her that there is yet fire in her eye—no vestal flame, but rather like the upshaking of blood-stained embers, which have been used to aid some dark, mystic, cruel rite, or consume the horrid sacrifice on some demon shrine! The hopes of her younger days, wild and foolish though they might have been, were utterly extinguished, and the strange ill-devised plans by which she had thought to compass them, had turned the weapons of their baffled rage into her own bosom, and poured the vials of their shame upon her own tested head. Long ago she had tired of the bonds, self-imposed so lightly, which held her fast to an old man but little more tolerable to her than a breathing corpse—an old man who, so contrary to her hopes and calculations, lived on—and on—and on! Why did he not die, as she had expected, like other old people, and leave her independent in hand and purse? Yes, why—her dark heart would sometimes query—had he not died without any help, in these seven mortal years, before the only man she had ever cared to please, was lost to her forever! And then she would curse her reckless folly, and she said it was sober, Susie, quite sober; and she said it was strong—I felt a great deal worse ever since. Yes, Susie, yes; I'll take a little wine, but no more of the cordial—it made me feel poorly—it was too strong. Where's Fess? Has he been with me, too, all night? Dear children—will God bless you?"

Susan and Fessenden exchanged a glance of fearful intelligence across that old man's bed, as she swallowed the invigorating draught. Doubt and alarm and horror were combined and expressed in it. "Was she with all you night, grandfather?" asked Susan, while her lips grew pale as ashes and her hand trembled as she held the emptied glass. Susan had arranged that a kind neighbor should relieve the vigils of the nurse the last night, and thought that arrangement had gone into effect.

"Yes—no; indeed I can't remember, Susan—my memory is all gone—I think so, though; I think she was with me all night, or a part; I had not seen her for a long time, Susie—but she was quite sober!" said the old man, in reply to Susan's interrogatory; and his mind seemed to be satisfied with the answer.

"Poor little deary!" chattered Mrs. Sanger, advancing to the easy chair in which the idiot was seated, to which she paid the closest attention for a minute or two; and then restoring it and the phials to its case, placed it again in its former place of concealment. The house-clock now struck three. With some indication of haste, she then arrayed herself in a travelling dress, placed various articles of her wardrobe in a carpet bag, put on her bonnet and gloves, and carefully unlocking and opening her door, descended the stairs, passed out of the house at a back entrance into the street. It was quite dark, although the stars were bright in the heavens, but she walked rapidly along till the bell at the depot, which announced the arrival of a rail train at the depot, whether she was hastening. Knowing it would take her to the station, she quickened her pace, and had barely sufficient time to reach the depot, obtain a ticket, and seat herself in the nearest car before the train was off and away. Statue-like, motionless and speechless, there she sat, with her veil drawn closely over her face, alike unmindful of time or distance, or fellow-voyagers, till the taper and dimpled fingers of the snowy hands were clasped softly together; the shoulders and neck were uncovered, too, displaying the most exquisite proportions, and a surface smooth and pure polished as Parian marble, but surrounded, Medusa-like, by a head at once so monstrous and so ill-conditioned as to throw all these symmetries and beauties into the deepest shade. A man's head! old and grizzled and grisly, perched upon that fair young childlike neck! A man's head—with sunken eyes, hollow and wrinkled cheeks, jaws fallen in and toothless, thin silver hair on the half bald head, and round the protruding chin the hideous appendage of a stiff, brittle beard!

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"Poor little deary!" chattered Mrs. Sanger, advancing to the easy chair in which the idiot was seated, to which she paid the closest attention for a minute or two; and then restoring it and the phials to its case, placed it again in its former place of concealment. The house-clock now struck three. With some indication of haste, she then arrayed herself in a travelling dress,

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